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A FOOLISH SAYING.

"The world owes me a living," I hear some people say. "I'll speak in such a way that I'll like to ask the reason. Forsooth, how it can be. The world should owe a living to either you or me."

"This is a very silly saying. And only those who shrink would expect to get a living from other people's work. And I'd really like to ask them—For it puzzles me as yet—Just how the world has happened to get into their debt?"

If they do their share of labor, they may claim their share of ease. But those are out of favor. In this busy hive of bees, I'd like to tell them plainly (though no offense is meant) that our bustling world is honest. And owes no man a cent!

—Helen W. Clark, in Golden Days.

AN UNLUCKY KICK.

How a Soldier Lost His Foot in Battle.

His Irresistible Impulse to Stop a "Spent" Cannon Ball—A Maimed Veteran Who Has Never Applied for a Pension.

It was a cold day, but the colonel was comfortable in mind and body. Business had gone well with him. He had had a good breakfast. He was making a trial trip in a new overcoat, which was as well suited to blustery weather as any he had ever worn. As he stood at the corner waiting for the car he was at first amused and then interested in the movements of a man who wore no overcoat, who had only one foot, and who was making believe that he was not cold. The colonel finally said: "You seem rather shivery, my friend." "Quick as a flash came the reply: 'I am. I have no more blood but a goose, but there are worse things than shivering around waiting for a job, and I am not as cold as I look. I am not as gay as a lark, but I am happier than a fellow who has the grip.'"

"What are you standing here for in the cold? Why don't you go home and sit by the fire awhile? A man who has no more blood than a goose ought not to be taking such risks." The colonel smiled good humoredly and said this, and this smile was answered by one just as good humored on the face of the other. "I have an object," he said. "Do you see that pile of coal? I am lurking about to get a job to carry it in. The lady of the house is not at home, but when she comes I know I will get the job. She knows me. She knows I am all right. She knows I am a good deal better fellow than I look to be."

"Does she know how you lost your foot?"

The whole attitude and appearance of the man changed in an instant, and he said stiffly and somewhat resentfully: "No, do you?"

Again that amused and interested look came over the colonel's face, and he said, smilingly: "No, I don't know. How did you lose your foot?"

"In an accident," said the man. "In an accident in which I got only what I deserved. I was foolhardy and foolish—well, I lost my foot, and that is all there is to it."

"Didn't lose it in a football game, did you?" The man chuckled and shook his head. "You weren't run over by a street car?" Another shake of the head. "Didn't have it torn off by machinery?" "Not exactly," said the man. "Were you in the army?" A grave affirmative inclination of the head. "Did you lose your foot while you were in the army?" Another nod. "Did you have it shot off?" "Not—well, no. No, I can't say that I did. It was a narrow escape, though."

"Well, I don't suppose there was anything to be ashamed of, was there?" The colonel asked this with some impatience, but promptly came the reply: "Oh, yes, there was. I was ashamed of it. I am ashamed of it. I am so ashamed of it that I never tell the story. That is where you missed it. There never was a fellow more ashamed of anything than I am of the way I lost that foot."

"I can see it was this way. Did you ever see a cannon ball rolling along the ground, whirling and bounding and looking as harmless as a toy balloon? If you did, did you ever want to kick it?" A queer light came into the colonel's eyes and he nodded and smiled. "Well, I'll bet you sixteen cents you didn't. I'll go you half a dollar you didn't. But that's what's the matter with me. I was a good soldier. I was proud of being a good soldier. I had done good service. I was never in the rear in time of battle. I was not a great man and I knew I was not, but I did my duty and I took great satisfaction in doing it. I had great luck, too, because I was not sick; I had not been in the hospital; I was never in the guardhouse and the boys counted me one of the jolly men of the company, but in one great battle—it was a big fight, I tell you, there was a terrific cannonading and our division was standing in line of battle waiting for the whirlwind to strike us. There was a tremendous racket and confusion on our right, but we had little to do except to stand and watch the scared rabbits and other animals as they rushed blindly pell-mell across our front, but every few minutes shells would burst near us or large cannon balls would come rolling obliquely from the left front. One of these rolled almost along our line. We could see it coming; saw it bound up ten or twelve feet when it struck a rock or log, then came whirling along toward us. It was almost as large as a football, and in motion seemed as smooth and polished as finished steel. It had a queer effect on all the men. I saw a dozen get ready to stop it with their feet. I heard the captain shout for them to let the thing alone, but it fascinated them. The idea came into my mind that I could stop it easily, and that I must. So in spite of all shouts and commands I put my foot out to give it a little kick and

LUMINOUS BACILLI.